

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891.

SILVER NOT SHINPLASTERS.

Representative Kelley of Kansas has introduced a bill to direct the Secretary of the Treasury to issue fifty millions of dollars in fractional currency. It appears that the Kansas gentleman is not satisfied with silver coins for small change as he voted against the free coinage bill in the House of Representatives. He now concedes the necessity for more money, but still clings to the theory of the majority of his party that it is better that we have paper money for small change than silver dimes, quarters and fifty-cent pieces.

To observing people it seems somewhat strange that Eastern men who demand protection for every industry of their respective sections should entertain such a deep-seated prejudice against silver, of which the United States is one of the world's greatest producers. They do not stop to think that the silver producing States are a part of the Union and that their principal industry should be encouraged by legislation fully as much as the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Alabama and the manufacturers of New England. Everything used in the production of silver is taxed and taxed heavily for the benefit of the East, which section does not believe in being reciprocal with the silver miners even to the extent that Mr. Blaine is willing to accord Central and South America by encouraging their industries.

With free coinage silver would at once advance to the price which the Government places upon the metal when it is coined, that is \$1.29 29 per ounce, and the producers of the metal would be benefited to the extent of the difference between that and its market price, which at present is about twenty-six cents per ounce, and employment at remunerative wages would be given thousands of men without injury to any other industry. Then there would be no occasion whatever for issuing fractional paper currency, which in a short time would become greasy and mutilated, as there would be plenty of bright metal coins made from the product of our mines to supply the people with the small change necessary in trade.

The Government, which at the inauguration of the present Administration was bothered with a surplus in the National Treasury, has derived a profit of over \$60,000,000 from the coinage of silver since the metal was demonetized. This profit rightfully belonged to the silver mine: and now, as a partial reparation for the loss, the free coinage of silver should be established and \$50,000,000 in small change coined instead of issuing what are called in the expressive language of the people "shinplasters."

STATE FINANCES.

January 1, 1889, there was a balance in the State Treasury of \$641,528 21. The receipts from all sources for 1889 aggregated \$356,707 82, and for 1890, \$321,613 87; making a total of \$1,319,849 90. The expenditures for 1889 amounted to \$416,295 65, and for 1890 to \$539,995 07; making a total for the two years of \$958,290 72, of which \$245,452 18 was expended in the purchase of United States bonds for the School Fund, amounting to \$200,000. The bonds and cash in the State School Fund amount to \$972,000, and the bonds in the University Funds to \$88,000. The total State debt, exclusive of the \$386,000 irremediable bond, December 31, 1890, was \$199,837 83, and the cash in the State Treasury applicable to its payment, \$215,849 52, or \$15,981 69, in excess of the debt. The receipts in 1890 were \$35,093 95 less than in 1889, which was due to the heavy losses of live stock caused by the dry season of 1889 and the severity of last winter.

The United States Senate was not in session yesterday and only met and adjourned on the preceding day. Statesmen, like school children, do not care to exercise their minds during the holidays and the solemn in the Republican ranks on the Force bill has so disheartened its advocates that they are in no mood to legislate on popular measures.

The business failures occurring throughout the United States for 1890, as reported by Dun, are 10,907 in number, being but twenty-five greater than 1889. The liabilities show a very large increase over 1889, being \$180,000,000 as against \$143,000,000, an increase of \$41,000,000. These are the largest liabilities since 1854, when they amounted to \$226,000,000.

Senator Farwell of Illinois denies the report that he was in the Congressional silver pool or purchased a dollar's worth of silver previous to the passage of the Sherman Silver bill. Though he talked with others who were endeavoring to make something out of the bill he steered clear of the pool.

There have been shipped from Clifton, A. T., during the year ended December 31, 1890, 10,641,261 pounds of copper, the product of the Arizona and Detroit Copper Companies.

During 1890 the Colorado mines produced \$29,881,334, divided as follows: Silver, \$20,259,906; gold, \$4,572,136; lead, \$4,749,852; copper, \$359,440.

Governor Waterman of California has by the free exercise of the pardoning power materially reduced the inhabitants of the State Prisons.

BY TELEGRAPH!

News of Importance From Home and Abroad.

VACANT JUDGESHIP.

Oreighton Refused Pardon—Hearst's Condition.

A FEVER STRICKEN CREW.

Crop Report—A Remarkable Conviction—Fatal Fire Damp—Scene in a Chicago Court—Room—Miners on a Strike—Ten Thousand Troops in the Indian Country—Killed by a Train.

A Privileged Prisoner.

Special to the Journal.
Boston, January 3.—A special to the Herald from Thomaston, Maine, chronicles a novel condition of things at the State Prison there, in that Wm. F. Gould, serving a ten years' sentence for embezzlement of \$180,000 while cashier of the First National bank, practically runs the institution. It is alleged that Gould has unlimited power and is virtually a ruler. He pays all bills, including the officers' salaries; receipts all moneys and buys all goods, runs the Commissary Department and the deputy furnishes men on his account. He is not locked up in a cell as others are and has privileges accorded him, it is stated, never given a prisoner in any institution. He fills the position of Clerk, Assistant Librarian, choir member, Assistant physician and assistant watchman and it is also said he makes out the annual report of the prison.

Senator Hearst's Condition—Blaine Gives a Dinner.

Special to the Journal.
WASHINGTON, January 3.—The colleagues and friends of Senator Hearst are much alarmed at his continued illness. He has been ill several weeks and though he occasionally rallies his condition is not improved. He remains very weak and his complaint, which is an affection of the stomach and bowels, does not yield readily to treatment. Moreover, he is subject to spells of depression that diminishes his strength.

The Secretary of State gave a dinner to-night in honor of the President and Cabinet.

Weather Crop Bulletin.

Special to the Journal.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The weather crop bulletin for the month ending December 31st, says the absence of moisture and the unusual high temperatures in the central valleys has left the wheat crop in a less favorable condition than reported at the first of December. The heavy rains which are now prevailing over this region will relieve the drought condition, but the sudden freeze which may follow may result in an injury to the crop in localities not protected by snow.

A Whole Crew Disabled by Fever.

Special to the Journal.
New York, January 3.—The Pacific mail steamship, Newport, which arrived to-day from Colon, brings the news that the Captain and entire crew of the Nova Scotia bark James Hamlin, bound from St. Lucia to Mobile, were found ill with fever and wholly unable to work the ship, all hands being delirious. The Newport sent a surgeon on board with medicines and fresh provisions. Nothing since has been heard of the bark.

Unconscious When Sentenced.

Special to the Journal.
CHICAGO, January 3.—Mamie Starr, the domestic, who poisoned her employers, screamed and fainted away this afternoon when Judge Briggs overruled the motion for a new trial. On being revived she begged for mercy and when the sentence of life imprisonment was formally pronounced again fainted away and was removed from the court-room in an unconscious condition.

Terrible Fire Damp Explosion.

Special to the Journal.
VIENNA, January 3.—There was a terrible explosion of fire damp to-day in Trinity out, near the Polish town of Ostran. Fifteen bodies have been recovered and twenty-four miners are missing.

It is now known that many miners are still imprisoned in the pit. It is feared the accident will result in the death of forty miners.

Struck by a Train.
NORTHAMPTON, January 3.—The Central Massachusetts train at Hadley, to-night struck a team containing six young people, on a crossing, and instantly killed Henry, son of Dr. J. B. Learned, and Mable R., daughter of Rev. A. Hinkley. The other occupants of the sleigh, Charles, son of Judge D. W. Bond, Edward Bond, Fannie Plympton and Lulu Adams are all badly but not fatally injured.

The Troops Under General Miles.

Special to the Journal.
WASHINGTON, January 3.—The forces now in the field under command of Gen. Miles are composed of the following regiments: First, Sixth, Seventh, (eight companies) and Ninth Cavalry, one company each of First and Fourth Artillery and First, Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Second and Twenty-Fifth Infantry, making in all 151 companies. This should mean actually a fighting force of at least 10,000 officers and men, but probably the ranks far from full and that the force does not exceed 8,000 men at most.

The Indian Situation.

Special to the Journal.
St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 3.—A Pioneer Press special from Pierre, S. D., says it is reliably reported that hostile Indians have sent out runners to all Indian camps notifying them of the battle and calling upon them for aid. One of the runners made his appearance among the Indians up Red River and has been using every means to incite them into joining in the conflict. Army officials here have been notified by an Indian trader at Fort Pierre that he has sold more red paint to Indians within the last few days than for years.

A Bad Bank Failure.

Special to the Journal.
MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 3.—A special to the Tribune from Faulkton, S. D., says: The Faulk Co. Bank failure of December 23d, is a bad break. It is the third bank failure at this place within three months and is much the worst of the three. Over \$13,000 in county money was on deposit and fears are entertained that the county will lose it.

Coal Miners' Strike.

Special to the Journal.
HUNTINGTON, Pa., Jan. 3.—The miners in the Broad Top and East Top bituminous coal fields went out on a strike yesterday. These men are but poorly equipped to endure an extended strike at this time, as they have been working but half the time for several months.

Fire at Athens.

Special to the Journal.
PENDLETON, Or., Jan. 3.—A fire at Athens, nineteen miles from here, destroyed a block of business houses last night; loss \$20,000, about half insured. The town narrowly escaped, as the wind was blowing hard at the time. The fire was of incendiary origin.

The Jury Briber Refused Pardon.

Special to the Journal.
SACRAMENTO, January 3.—Mrs. D. J. Oreighton, wife of ex-Senator Oreighton now in San Quentin for bribing jurors, waited on Governor Waterman this morning and pleaded for her husband's pardon. The Governor refused to exercise clemency in the case.

Indians Determined.

Special to the Journal.
MANDAN, (N. D.), January 3.—Company B, 22d Infantry is ordered to Fort Yates from Cannon Ball. It is reported that the friendly bucks at Standing Rock have gone out to join the hostiles. They told Agent McLaughlin they would sooner be killed in war than slaughtered in peace.

A Circuit Judge Retired.

Special to the Journal.
WASHINGTON, January 3.—The President to-day accepted the resignation of Judge William McKean, United States Circuit Judge of the Third Judicial District of Pennsylvania, who retired because of age.

Iowa National Guard to Fight Indians.

Special to the Journal.
MASON CITY, Iowa, January 3.—The Sixth Regiment Iowa National Guard has been ordered to be in readiness to march to the frontier for service against Indians.

Another Draw Game.

Special to the Journal.
New York Jan. 3.—Steinitz and Gunsberg played at other draw game to-day.

Go to Long & Schmitt for heating stoves, cook stoves, ranges and house furnishing goods. Largest variety and best values.

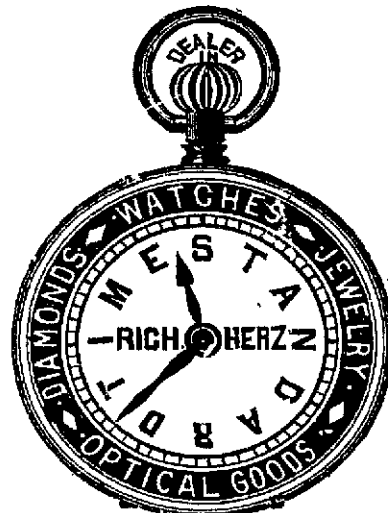
Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, has never attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity of people so steadfastly. Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

MISCELLANEOUS.

RICHARD HERZ,
RENO, NEVADA



Engraving and Watch Repairing
STANDARD TIME TAKEN BY TRANSIT

PALACE RESTAURANT,
IN PALACE HOTEL, . . . RENO, NEVADA
J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,
DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

C. NOVACOVICH, H. J. BERRY

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS
GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND

CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

UNION SALOON.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND
Second Streets,
RENO.

CHASE & CHURCH, Proprietors.

The best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Fine Billiard and Pool Tables attached for the accommodation of guests.

Moore's Brands of Whisky a Specialty

Call and See Us.

RENO & TRUCKEE MARKETS.

W. S. BAILEY, Propr.

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, PORK,
veal and sausage constantly on hand.

Ham, Bacon and Smoked Beef a
Specialty.

Main Office—Truckee Market Virginia St.,
Reno. Reno Market—Second door from Masonic
Building, Commercial Row.

C. Gilling, President. W. S. Bender, Vice-Pres.
Wm. Henry, Secretary. First Natl Bank Treas.

RENO MILL & LUMBER CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Wood Turnings,

Windows, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings,

Pickets, Shingles, Etc.

APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

PACIFIC BREWERY,

Reno Soda Works and Granite

SALOON.

J. G. KERTH,

—Successor to George Becker.—

Beer by the Glass, Quart, Bottle, or Keg
at shortest notice.

Lager Beer of the Best Quality always on
hand. Orders from the country receive prompt
attention.

Commercial Row, Reno Nevada.

JOHN SUNDERLAND'S SPACE.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
JOHN SUNDERLAND,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes,
HATS, CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
AND CLOTHING.

BUSINESS CARDS.

F. C. UPDYKE,
HOUSE SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER.

All kinds of painting, etc., to order. Kalsomining and Tinting in all colors.

PAPER HANGING NEATLY DONE.
Fancy Papering and Decorating a Specialty. I
strive to please. Shop on Second St., two doors
East of Bank Building, Reno, Nevada. jan1

A. H. MANNING,
Dealer in
STOVES, RANGES, HARDWARE,
And Farm Implements of All Kinds.
Mixed Paints, White Lead, Varnish, Oils.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting at reasonable rates.
Three doors south of First National Bank, on Vir-
ginia street, Reno, Nev. jan1

R. C. LEEPER,
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Robes, Whips, Etc.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Sierra Street, between Third and Fourth,
RENO, NEVADA. jan1

P. J. NAGLE,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

A FIRST-CLASS FIT GUARANTEED.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Virginia St., between First and Second, Reno.

HENRY RUHE,
Dealer in
FAMILY GROCERIES,
GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS,
Vegetables, Fresh Fish, Eastern Oysters,
Tobacco, Etc.

Goods delivered free of charge to all parts of the
city. Commercial Row, near Masonic Building.
Reno, Nev. jan1

A. NELSON,
—DEALER IN—
Cigars, Tobacco Smokers' Articles
Stationery, Notions, Etc.

A Fine Stock of Men's Underwear
and Gloves Constantly on Hand.

West Side of Virginia St.
oct10

T. K. HYMERS,
TRUCKEE LIVRY, FEED AND SALE
STABLE,
Cor. Sierra and Second Sts. Reno, Nev.

Horses, Buggies and Harness
—TO LET—
And Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month
Terms to suit the times.

We have also attached a large Hay Rack
with good Stables. Also Corral for loose stock
with water and feed trough.

THE BANK OF NEVADA,
RENO, NEVADA.

Capital Stock, fully subscribed, - - - \$300,000.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE ON SAN FRAN-
cisco, New York, London, and the principal
Eastern and European cities.

OFFICERS.
M. D. FOLEY, President; R. S. OSBURN, Cashier
M. E. WARD, Vice Pres.

DIRECTORS:
Daniel Meyer, of San Francisco; George Rus-
sell of Elko; M. D. Foley, M. E. Ward, J. N. Evans, C.
O. Downing, and L. Abrahams, of Reno.

Will Transact a General Banking Business.
Mining and Other Stocks Bought and Sold on
Commission.

Agents for several first-class insurance com-
panies. dec2

RENO LIVRY AND FEED STABLE

Opposite the R. R. Depot, Reno.

J. A. POTHOFF, PROPRIETOR.

Horses, buggies and harness. Horses

—TO LET—

Best Turnouts Constantly on Hand

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week
or Month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARRIAGES AND PHAETONS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT
of double and single Carriages, Buggies and
Phaetons ever brought to this market.

—Agent for the Celebrated—
Studebaker and U. S. Carriage Co.,
OF OHIO.

—A Fine Assortment of—
FRAZER CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.
I also carry a large stock of Iron Axles and
Hardwood in endless variety, and do

A General Blacksmithing Business,
Shop, corner Fourth and Sierra Sts., Reno
Nevada. Give me a call and be convinced.
W. J. LUKE.

R. W. PARRY,
PROPRIETOR OF
BURNKA

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

STOCK CORRALS AND COALS.

Reno, Nevada. First-Class Turn-outs
Transient Stock Carefully Provided For.

CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES

ARCADE SALOON.

H. E. DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS

THIS SALOON IS FITTED UP IN THE MOST
modern style, and is presided over by Harry
Davis, formerly of the Depot Hotel, whom every-
body knows.

THE BAR IS SECOND TO NONE

In the State, being always provided with the best
of everything.

Give Mr. Davis a call and be convinced.
my124f

FOR HOLIDAY GOODS

—Go to—

HODGKINSON'S

DRUG STORE.

MIDDOUR & FREY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL,

LAMBS, HAM AND LARD.

Sausages of All Kinds.

Goods Delivered Free to All Parts of the City.

Shop Second Door from Masonic Building, Com-
mercial Row, Reno, Nev. jan1

BOCA BEER DEPOT AND LODGING
HOUSE.

J. J. BECKER, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL ROW.....RENO NEVADA. *

—Finest Brands of—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

KEPT IN STOCK.

Hot Lunches served every day. Sandwiches of
all kinds made to order.

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12 1/2 CENTS PER WEEK.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891.

BREVITIES.

Skates at Laage & Schmitt's.
Hame Yerington spent yesterday in Reno.

G. W. Mapea returned yesterday from California.

Dr. Harmony, of Wadsworth, paid Reno a visit yesterday.

Judge Fitzgerald arrived in town yesterday on his way to Carson.

"Bully" Rodgers has gone to Dayton where he is engaged in business.

J. M. Stevenson, a California capitalist, is in Reno with a view of investing.

Colonel H. B. Maxon, of the United States Survey, Arizona, is a guest at the Palace.

For your note, letter, legal and foolscap paper, patronize C. J. Brookins, who also carries writing tablets of all styles and sizes.

Dr. W. A. Phillips tells those who require the services of an experienced physician where he can be found. See his card.

In Hyman Fredrick's watch club drawing last evening, O. H. Perry, in Club No. 1, and Benj. Currier in Club No. 2 drew the watches.

F. Lemmon, in from Lemmon Valley, reports plenty of snow in the mountains out his way, and stock doing fine in the valleys.

The District Judges-elect will meet at Carson Monday to divide the State into Judicial Districts and assign a district to each of the Judges.

Superintendent Gibson, of the Indian School, at Carson, is gathering up pupils by the wagon load in Douglas county, according to the Courier.

Postal cars are to be run on the N. C. & O. Railroad on the 10th instant. This will expedite the mail business between Reno and the northern country, and lighten somewhat the labors of Postmaster Kraus.

For bargains in furniture go to Needham's, Virginia street, near the bridge. Contemplating a change in the business requiring alteration in his store, he says, profits now are no object, and will sell goods at lower prices than they were ever sold in Reno.

John P. Lee, on the 9th of last November, shot and killed his step-father, W. H. Keifer, over a poker game in Bodie, Mono county, Cal. His trial was begun last Monday, and on Wednesday night at 9 o'clock the jury was discharged as they could not agree upon a verdict. It is understood that they stood five for acquittal and seven for manslaughter.

A delegation of Indians representing the Kiowas, Arapahoes, Bannocks and Sioux has arrived in Nevada to see the Messiah. The chiefs were entertained regally by Agent Warner at the Pyramid Agency and furnished with a conveyance to Walker Lake, the home of the Prophet, who is an inferior Indian and known to the whites by the unpretentious name of "Jack Wilson." When the chiefs interview Jack they will not have such an exalted opinion of the Prophet.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. feb. 21-sw-ly

Church Notices.

Congregational Church—Communion service to-day at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M.

M. E. Church—By appointment of the Supt. of the Nevada Mission, the Rev. Jas. H. N. Williams will supply the pulpit of the M. E. Church during the absence of the Pastor, Rev. Fred V. Fisher.

Services to day at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at the close of the morning service. Everybody welcome and cordially invited to attend.

Baptist Church—Services morning and evening at the usual hour. Morning sermon on how to promote revivals. Evening, "A Call to Christians." Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Everybody welcome. Trinity Church, Rev. Wm. Lomas, Pastor, Litany, sermon and Holy Communion at 11 A. M., Sunday School, 12:30, P. M. Evenings, without sermon, 7 P. M.

Rewarded

Everybody is who go and inspect the Christmas crockery and glassware, vases, gift-cups and painted china at Laage & Schmitt's. Sold at cost until New Year's day.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Some Points About the Inauguration.

The Eureka Sentinel has the following: There is a point about the inauguration of our new State Administration which we believe deserves some attention and discussion. Formerly it was the custom to set everything in motion, the Legislature included, on the first Monday in January. It was the rule to inaugurate the Governor in the presence of the two Houses of the Legislature in joint convention, before whom the Governor-elect took the oath of office, administered by one of the Supreme Judges, usually the Chief Justice, and delivered his inaugural address. The legal terms of all State officers would seem to begin, under the constitution, on the first Monday in January. By a recent amendment to the constitution the Legislature does not meet until the third Monday, which falls this term on the 19th of January. Will Governor-elect Colcord formally take office on the first day of January or wait the meeting of the Legislature on the 19th? This is a point which some of the heads of the department at Carson will be called upon to decide within the next week. It is our own opinion that the new Governor may legally go in on either date; but there will be more pomp and circumstance in having the business consummated in the presence of the Legislature.

New Officers.

The change in county and township officers will take place next Monday, January 6th. W. H. Caughlin succeeds L. J. Flint as Sheriff; O. H. Perry takes the place of T. V. Julien in the Clerk's office; J. B. Williams will continue in the Recorder's office; A. G. Fletcher succeeds C. H. Stoddard as Assessor, and T. V. Julien succeeds D. Allen in the District Attorney's office. J. V. Peers is his own successor as Administrator and Coroner. W. H. Pierson will take the place of Wm. Merrill on the Board of County Commissioners and with T. K. Hymers held over and W. P. McLaughlin, re-elected, will comprise the Board of County fathers for the next two years.

In Township officers the only change will be that of Justice of the Peace. J. J. Linn succeeds W. H. Young, Constable Upson having been re-elected.

The Board of School Trustees will consist of S. M. Jamison, William Pinniger and W. H. Gould, the latter being a hold-over.

New Advertisements.

Under the head of "New To-day" Wm. Pinniger, apothecary, tells the public that they can have prescriptions carefully filled; John Armstrong invites attention to his stock of harness, saddles, etc.; the proprietors of the Washoe Brewery Saloon tell you what good things they have; Dan O'Keefe invites travelers to that famous hostelry, the Grand Central; I. N. Bakeless tells you that he has choice groceries and vegetables which he will deliver to order. Spiro Francovich invites you to the Wine House, and the Chinese physician, T. Wah Hing tells that he treats diseases skillfully and successfully.

The Reno Public Building.

General Powning is in receipt of a letter from Representative Clunie, of California, informing him that he will do all in his power to assist Mr. Bartine in passing the bill for a public building at Reno. The bill, which appropriates \$45,000, has been reported favorably by the Public Building Committee of the House and is now on the calendar.

K. of P. Hall.

Amity Lodge No. 8, K. of P., will give a grand anniversary ball on the 30th instant. The gallant Knights will spare no pains to make the ball one of the most pleasant social events of the season. Tickets are for sale at Hodgkinson's drug store.

The houses of London are calculated to be worth \$212,000,000. The land upon which they are built is calculated to be worth \$410,000,000. Upon the last sum the landlords receive about £17,000,000 every year in rent.

DR. T. WAH HING.

ENGLISH AND CHINESE PHYSICIAN and surgeon.

Graduate of Hong Kong Medical College. Treats diseases of every kind skillfully. Office, Corner Virginia and Commercial streets, opposite First National Bank, Reno, Nevada.

The Dr. has practiced successfully in Virginia City for several years. jy4if

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisement not exceeding six lines, inserted in this column at 50 Cents per Week.

Notice.

I have this day sold to J. L. McFarlin my interest in the saddle and harness business together with books and accounts. All bills due me to this date are made payable to him. F. KLINE, d13if

E. Barlow

Teacheth violin, Music furnished for balls, parties, etc. Apply at Asylum. d11if

To Stockmen and Others.

J. Westlake makes to order men's heavy French kip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Repairing cheap and prompt. A few doors below the Postoffice. A specialty of ladies' shoes, from \$5 up, and men's boots. delj



\$5000.00 a year is being made by John H. Goodwin, 501 1/2 at work for an hour, and he is not a millionaire as much but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. This is a real thing, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments only to the work. All is new. Give me \$2.00 for every week. We start you, furnishing everything. ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

NEVADA BUSINESS.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY AND WEEKLY Nevada Journal, established 20 years. If you want to do business in Nevada advertise in the JOURNAL.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

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GOD'S MUSIC.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and soil,
A music of diverse meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.
—F. E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

FOR ISOBEL.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house, on Bourbon street, New Orleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year 1839 that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acquaintance he had formed in Paris. The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had been captivated by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtle personal charm. In turn, Bauderet's imagination was touched into singular activity and his sympathies borne away by Verot's magnetic genius.

It is rare indeed that two young men, poets both, find such an overmastering mutual interest flowing between them. Their friendship became at once a passion.

When Bauderet left Paris after a year's sojourn there he exacted a promise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him. Thus it came about that early in the autumn of 1839 Verot arrived, after a pleasant voyage, and took up his abode in the Bauderet mansion on Bourbon street.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a bachelor orphan, occupying the large, silent old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves.

The house was a low, far spreading, gloomy brick structure, whose immensely thick walls and small windows gave it a jail like appearance. Vines clambered over it from base to roof, and it was embowered in dusky trees. Surrounding it was a high brick wall topped with a picketing of iron. The gates were massive, and closed with huge spring locks that could be opened only from within. They were attended by statuesque keepers as black as night.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaners. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine. In the young man's blood burned the taint of unbridled passion, and in his brain a lawless imagination held high carnival. His poems were, like those of Poe, Baudelaire and Villon, suffused with something that suggested madness, but the young man showed no sign of an unsound mind. On the contrary, he was brilliantly, fascinatingly sane and logical in his conversation. He went little into society and entertained scarcely at all, in the general meaning of the word. A few friends, rarely more than one at a time, were admitted through his portentous looking gates and into his luxurious twilight parlors and dusk dim library. He was a connoisseur of wines, cigars and old books; he smoked almost incessantly, rarely drank to excess, read mediæval poetry and in his conversation was much given to advancing preposterously romantic theories touching almost all the relations of life.

When Verot arrived Bauderet met him at the wharf with every outward show of irrepressible delight; but the young Parisian at once felt that some great change had taken place in his friend. At first he was inclined to fear that Bauderet was not sincere in his expressions of affectionate joy over his arrival; but soon enough the mystery was adequately explained. Bauderet was in love. His whole nature was absorbed in the new passion.

Mlle. Des Champs was the daughter of a retired planter, whose home was but a few steps from Bauderet's gate. Recently the poet had met her. To meet her was to love her, and now he could find room for no other thought. Isobel Des Champs was the subject of his most eloquent conversation, his strangely melodious poetry, his curiously brilliant sketches in water colors.

Verot found Bauderet's house a very palace of enchantment; so vague and yet so effective were the impressions made by its rich tapestry, its massive mahogany furniture, its dim vistas of books and pictures and its solemn silence. The young patrician Frenchman had been accustomed to old houses, but here, in this city of the New World, his creole friend had given him the freedom of one that seemed filled with an antiquity far greater than the Roman buildings of France could boast of—even the most ruined in old Provence.

Bauderet was anxious to have Verot see Isobel Des Champs, and, of course, the young visitor, especially after Bauderet's eloquent description, felt quite willing to meet the beautiful girl. Nor was he in the least disappointed when he saw her; indeed, her loveliness so far surpassed expectation, so dwarfed all former visions of maidenly attractiveness, that Verot was struck to the heart by her first glance.

If Isobel captivated Verot it was not a loss of love at first sight, for the handsome Parisian did not fail to impress her imagination in turn. From the moment of their first meeting they were ardent lovers, as everybody could plainly see, save only Bauderet. So lost in the infatuation of absolute devotion was he that he could see nothing but Isobel's dazzling beauty, could hear nothing but the rich, low music of her creole voice.

Soon enough Verot was in the seventh heaven of a successful courtship—not courtship, but love telling and love lie-

tening—while poor Bauderet went right on in blissful enjoyment of his imaginary lordship of Isobel's heart.

The autumn sped; the winter went like a dream, and out flashed the orange blooms, out poured the mocking bird songs, heavily drooped the roses by the walls. The breezes from the gulf were sweet and fragrant; the sky was like a great pale violet tent shutting in the world with a wavering mist dream of spring.

The time was approaching for Verot to depart for France, when one morning he informed Bauderet that he and Isobel were to be married, and would set sail within a fortnight to make Paris their home.

At first Bauderet was stupefied by the announcement. He gazed almost vacantly into his friend's eyes, while his face grew deadly white. Not a feature moved, however, nor did the quiet smile quite go from his firm, thin lips. It was an admirable exhibition of that self control which in those days was so much cultivated by gentlemen who were in the habit of settling all matters of personal disagreement at the point of sword or muzzle of pistol.

Of course Verot had counted the cost, and fully expected a duel, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that Bauderet would not demand a meeting. Furthermore, instead of appealing to the code the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable. After the first great struggle against the terrible disappointment which the disaster to his hopes had brought he drew close to his friend and wished him great joy.

Verot was both touched and awed by the strange change that came over Bauderet's face and manner. It was a slow, mysterious transformation of the man. His face took on an inscrutable mask of quiet, almost serene, resignation, behind which something suggested immeasurable depths of poignant suffering. In his eyes at times burned a light which startled Verot and haunted his dreams at night.

Love predominates everything, however, and the passionate young Parisian was so bewildered and blinded in the rose mist of happiness that the deepest significance of Bauderet's conduct was entirely lost to him. He was aware of nothing much besides his impending nuptials, the tender glory of the semitropical spring time and the wild flutings of the lusty mocking birds.

About this time, as is now known, Bauderet went frequently to see an old negress, a voodoo charm weaver, and procured from her a phial of hideous poison—a black liquid, thick, rank, frenzy bearing—made from the heads of snakes, the tails of scorpions and the roots of various deadly weeds all steeped together for many days. Among the African voodoo workers this liquid was known by an appellation which meant "brain burner." It was said to induce madness of the most hopeless kind. Its concoction was attended with the most solemnly horrible of rites and incantations.

It was the night before Isobel and Verot's wedding day. Bauderet appeared to be in better spirits than usual; he had some rare old wine brought into the library, and he and Verot sat up till late drinking and smoking, while they permitted themselves perfect freedom in conversation.

Although, as I have said, their tastes were similar, no two men could have been less alike in personal appearance than were Verot and Bauderet. The Parisian was tall, athletic, fair, with blue eyes and yellow, curling hair, while the creole was dark, slight, black eyed, mysterious looking, possessing the singular magnetism of a face at once handsome and inscrutable. Bauderet's slightness was not physical frailty, however, for he was a noted swordsman, possessed of extraordinary nervous energy.

It was late in the night and the lamps were burning low, the flames flickering faintly and faltering in their brazen sockets among the pendant crystal brilliants, when Bauderet arose and said:

"Well, my dear old fellow, it is growing late, and you must not be drowsy on your wedding morn. One more cigar—just one—the best that Cuba ever gave to the lips of man, and then to your dreams."

He fetched from a little hanging cabinet a small ivory box, curiously carved and mounted in gold, out of which he took two large oscuros separately wrapped in silver foil. One of these he handed to Verot, at the same time lighting the other.

"The last two of a priceless lot sent me two years ago by a friend at Havana," he said.

Verot daintily brushed the almost black cigar across his nose to inhale its fragrance, and instantly recoiled, for there came from it a strange, insinuating and unbearable stench.

"That is nothing," laughed Bauderet, with a hollow, brutal ring in his voice that startled Verot. When you light it the smell disappears, and the smoke is exquisitely fine. See!" and he puffed a light cloud toward his friend's nostrils. "Isn't that incomparable bouquet?"

Verot put the cigar between his teeth and tried to light it, but the thrill of atrocious evil that flashed through his nerves caused him to let it fall.

"It's horrible!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear it!"

"Oh, what womanish qualms!" remarked Bauderet, almost testily, picking up the fallen oscuro and handing it to his guest. "Smoke it; this may be our last night together, and—"

Something in Bauderet's voice appealed to Verot's sympathy, while at the same time it made his heart almost sink. A man lying in his coffin, ready to be buried alive, might have had such a strain in his voice. His face was white, with that ghostliness which comes in extreme moments to a dark countenance, and his eyes, strangely dilated, burned with a dusky, deep set brilliance.

"You know how I feel, Verot—you know how I feel."

Again the Parisian essayed to light the cigar; but the thing was not possi-

ble. He flung it aside after inhaling one intolerable draught of its smoke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bauderet. "You have less courage than I supposed; but then you Parisians, as I've often told you, are a degenerate set."

Verot had risen, and now stood towering above his host, his magnificent frame expanding and a determined look in his fine, fair face.

"That cigar was poisoned!" he exclaimed, with dramatic energy of expression.

"Oh, surely not!" said Bauderet, with immediate concern, stooping and picking it up. He put it to his nose.

"Why, that is strange!" he cried. "What can it mean?"

The two men looked steadily, searchingly into each other's eyes, and slowly but clearly read the whole situation. One was aware that his deadly purpose had been discovered, the other knew that death was lurking for him in every corner of that gloomy old house. Verot was the first to speak.

"How shall we settle this?" he demanded, in a hard, dry tone.

Bauderet laughed sardonically and puffed lazily at his cigar, meantime shrugging his shoulders as if the matter were of light consequence to him.

"I think the best way to settle it is to go to bed and sleep it off," he remarked, with a half yawn.

"Scoundrel, villain, murderer!" exclaimed Verot, permitting for the moment his indignation to master him. "You shall answer to me now!"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," said Bauderet calmly. "My sword room is but a step from here. Follow me if you're not afraid."

Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim rooms and along a low, narrow passage between damp brick walls, then into a bare, windowless little room.

"See here," said Bauderet, stopping close to one of the dismal walls, "this doesn't look like a door, does it?"

He fumbled a moment about a certain spot, pressed a hidden spring and pushed open a low shutter, disclosing another cell like apartment, dank, grimy and ill smelling. Into this Verot followed him. They halted and faced each other, a little lamp carried by Bauderet lighting up their drawn and ghastly faces.

"We can settle our little trouble here without the slightest fear of being interrupted. This is where, as I have heard, one of my reckless kinsmen, who formerly owned the house, used to confine stolen slaves what time he was awaiting a chance to run them off. Nobody living save myself knows that this room exists."

He smiled cynically, and lifting the lamp gazed around at the slime on the reeking bricks. Then he made a little petulant motion and said:

"The swords—the rapiers—I have forgotten them. Hold this lamp a moment, please!"

Verot mechanically accepted the proffered light; but as he did so something in Bauderet's look, or in his movement, put him on his guard, or rather startled him a little.

"You'll not be afraid to stand here a moment while I go fetch the swords, will you?"

He placed peculiar accent on the word "afraid," and Verot felt his blood tingle in response to the insinuation.

"You shall soon have your test of skill as well as of courage," he responded; "but if you are going back after weapons you'd better take the lamp. I can wait without it."

"This is not a pleasant waiting room," sneered Bauderet, again letting his eyes slowly sweep the loathsome little cell.

He was still smoking the smoldering black cigar, and the pale rings of fragrance slowly strayed in the chill, damp air.

"Don't stand there like that," said Verot savagely. "or I'll stamp you into the floor."

"A coward would do that," retorted Bauderet, taking two or three light backward steps and pausing in the little doorway. "I have some doubts of your honor or ought to have."

"Fetch the rapiers, sir," was all that Verot said. His terrible anger was mastering him.

Bauderet retreated one more step, then with a fiendish leer laid his hand on the heavy shutter.

"You command, but I shall take my own time to obey," he remarked in a tone of constrained excitement. "How should you like to wait in this little boudoir until your bride comes to you?"

Like a flash the meaning and the purpose of Bauderet's words and movements leaped through Verot's mind. Already the door was slowly swinging shut.

So thoughtful was the thought, with its infinite suggestions of horror, that the tall Parisian stood for a single moment paralyzed.

"God light forever, Augustin Verot. May your dreams be sweet," said Bauderet.

Slowly, steadily, the door, which was in reality a hinged section of the massive wall, swung round.

Verot let fall the lamp, which, clanging brazenly on the brick floor, remained sputtering and burning there with a strange, fantastic light. Something like a death chill shivered through the air.

One long bound the Parisian made, uttering a low, harsh cry of rage and terror as he caught between the closing door and the jaw of the decaying.

There was a struggle like the fighting of vipers, the men growling and panting in the extremity of their brutal straining and tearing.

Presently a body was heaved and flung. It fell in the center of the cell, and lay ghastly and motionless beside the fast dying lamp flame. Then the ponderous door went to with a dull thump and a sharp click of the hidden spring.

One of the rivals stood on the outside of the cell panting and quivering, the white froth clotted on his lips; the other lay limp and lifeless within.

The mystery, which for nearly fifty

years had hung over the old Bauderet homestead, was cleared up when the house was torn down. The laborers came in the course of their work to a low, narrow, hidden room, damp and repulsive, in the middle of which lay a skeleton clothed in rotten garments.

This was the body of Charles Marot Bauderet, whose sudden disappearance about the time of the marriage of Isobel Des Champs to Augustin Verot had given rise to so many wild stories. In fact, so absolute had been the mystery that not the faintest clew to the missing man had ever been found until this revelation by the workmen divulged everything.

Immediately after the discovery of Bauderet's skeleton inquiry was begun as to the whereabouts of Verot, who was traced and found, an old man, widowed and childless, penniless and friendless, on the island of Corsica. He told his story as I have told it to you, and, as if the relief from the long strain of his hideous secret had relaxed his whole being, he fell at once into a state of collapse, from which nothing could rally him. He died in his seventy-fourth year, muttering with almost his last breath:

"Isobel, Isobel, it was all for you! I gave him the grave he meant to give me. It was a close and silent tomb, but at last—at last—it—has—given—ah!—given up—its—secret!"—Maurice Thompson in New York Ledger.

The Man with a Loud Voice.

As a safe rule the man who howls at his dog in the field may be put down as a poor sportsman, and the dog that is howled at as a poor dog. For the matter of that, the dog which finds game for a noisy master usually does about what his dog sense tells him to. The very fact of the man's noisy demonstrations implies that he cannot make his dog obey. With dogs as with horses, the master who handles them best is not he whose voice can be heard in the next county. The quiet control of horse or dog is the only true mastery.

There is nothing to be said for noise in the field. Properly trained, a dog will obey as readily and as intelligently and as effectively a motion of hand, or gun, or head, as the bawling and roaring of a Bonnerges. It is true that the dog exhorter may thereby secure a needed and beneficial degree of lung exercise; but he is not at all likely to secure so large a count of game. Of all sounds that startle the birds that of the human voice is most certain to alarm them. Every expert gunner knows this and keeps still. The shout is a typo; or if he shouts year after year he is certainly a poor sportsman, and when in company with others who do not share his noisy proclivities, he is voted a general nuisance. Many a grouse has been lost for no other reason than because it was startled and flushed by ill timed speech.—Forest and Stream.

The Temple of Inca.

A correspondent writes from Peru to The Germania that the remains of a temple, dating back from the period of the Incas, have been discovered while clearing the ground for a small place on one of the affluents of the upper Marañon, in the great plain which lies at the foot of the eastern Cordilleras. There was an inclosing wall of great extent, fully eighty inches thick, the inclosure within being divided by other walls into halls and smaller chambers. The plan and the painted inscriptions resemble what has been found in other places ascertained to be ancient Peruvian temples.

Hence it is inferred that this also was a similar temple. Several buildings of this kind have been found scattered over Peru. The Spaniards demolished them and floods bearing quantities of sand from the Cordilleras covered over the remains, to be succeeded later by a growth of shrubs, and even trees, quite hiding from view the masonry underneath. The Peruvian government has been tuowed by this recent discovery, and some regular excavations will be undertaken on sites where temples and even towns are known to have existed prior to the conquest.

New York People Eat Lots of Meat.

Besides the great influx of western meat there arrived in New York, at the great stock yards in Jersey City and the New York Central yards in 1889, 880,000 cattle, 800,000 calves, 2,000,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,750,000 hogs, making 270,000,000 pounds of beef, 36,000,000 pounds of veal, 80,000,000 pounds of mutton and lamb, and 282,500,000 pounds of pork. Counted with the western meats this makes, for the amount of butchers' meat eaten by the 8,000,000 people in the metropolitan district—New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Yonkers and so on—somewhere about 470,000,000 pounds; 235,000 tons of beef; 76,000,000 pounds or 38,000 tons of veal; 85,000,000 pounds or 42,500 tons of mutton and lamb, and 276,500 pounds or 8,250 tons of pork last year. This makes a grand total of 453,750 tons of meat—907,500,000 pounds—consumed by New York and vicinity in one year. That means about one pound a day for each man, woman and child—twice as much as is eaten in London.—New York News.

A Good Place for a Fight.

"Dog fights were very popular in that town. One particularly lively party of sports had great luck in evading the police. They hunted high and low for them, but never found them. They don't know to this day where the fights were held."

"I suppose you know. Where were they held—if there's no harm in telling."

"Well, they were held in the cellar of the barn of the chief of police."—Lewiston Journal.

Why He Fled on Saturday.

Bjenks—Whither?

Bjones—As far from this town as I can get. Back Monday.

Bjenks—Wherefore?

Bjones—Because I see that our Sunday paper is to contain four hundred and fifty columns and eight supplements.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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